



LASH LARUE

"king of the bullwhip"

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

No 53

LASH LARUE

WESTERN

10¢



IN THIS ISSUE...

FEARLESS LASH LARUE RISKS
LIFE AND LIMB TO BRING
JUSTICE TO THE WILD WEST!

STEVE CAMPBELL

MAKE BIG MONEY

WITH FAST-SELLING WARM MASON LEATHER JACKETS

**JUST 2 SALES DAILY IN SPARE HOURS
BRING YOU UP TO \$217 EXTRA A MONTH!**

Rush Coupon for FREE Selling Outfit!

I want to put in your hands an exciting business that will bring you a handsome extra income every month! It won't cost you a cent, because I'm going to furnish everything you need to start making money the very first day.

You'll be amazed how quickly orders come! Start with friends, relatives, fellow workers. EVERYBODY wears shoes... and watch men go for handsome new Mason jackets! Actually, just 2 easy orders a day in spare hours will make you up to \$217 extra income a month! Full time men make up to \$1,248 a month on just 10 sales a day!

As our man in your community you will be able to show 174 different styles in dress, sport, work shoes for men and women... plus a complete line of fast-selling jackets. And here's exciting news: we do not sell our Nationally-advertised products in stores. The demand can be filled ONLY by YOU! Customers must keep coming to you to buy new shoes and jackets! That 'exclusive' should keep your pockets filled with exciting cash profits!

SHOE AND LEATHER JACKET ARE BOTH
LINED WITH WARM SHEEPSKIN!

MAKE DOUBLE PROFITS WITH SPECIAL 2-IN-1 COMBINATION SALES!

Here's the biggest money-maker we have ever featured! It will be available to people in your community only if they buy from YOU! The non-suff Horsehide leather jacket is lined with genuine Sheepskin. There's a fur collar, too! The matching work shoe is also warmly lined with fleece and has built-in Velveteen Air Cushion innersoles... oil-resisting Neoprene outsoles, and leather storm welt. You get DOUBLE profits on each combination you sell! Just show this to truck drivers, milkmen, postmen, cab drivers, gas station, garage, construction and railroad men... anyone who works outdoors, and watch them fill your pockets with cash!

You also feature jackets made of Pony Horsehide leather, fine Capeskin leather, luxurious Suede leather, Nylon, Gabardine, 100% Wool men's raincoats, too! And these EXTRA features bring quick orders:

- Warm, cozy linings of wooly fleece! Also quilted and rayon linings!
- Lush lamb waterproof, non-melting fur collars!
- Knitted wristlets!
- Especially treated leathers that resist scuffing and peeling!
- Zipper fronts!
- Extra-large pockets!
- Large variety of colors!

SPECIAL FEATURES MAKE MONEY FOR YOU THE FIRST DAY!

More and more people are switching to the Mason way of buying shoes! Here's why: (1) You feature far more styles than the ordinary store; (2) You feature an amazing range of sizes (21-15) and widths (AAAA-EEEE); (3) You draw on our huge stock of over 200,000 pairs. Thus you can never 'out of a style, size or width' You don't have to substitute, and you have countless hours of shipping! (4) You feature exclusive Velveteen Air Cushion innersoles. These foamy-soft cushions are a blessing for people who work long hours on their feet... just like 'walking on air'!

Now, I want you to start making real money in this exciting business right away. So rush this coupon TODAY. By return mail you'll get everything you need to start making cash profits the very first day!

SEND FOR FREE OUTFIT!

Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. MA-461
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co.
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

I want to start this exciting Mason Shoe & Jacket business right away! Please rush everything I need to start making big cash profits from the very first day! Also send full details of how I can get special Golden Anniversary PRIZES!

Name Age

Address

Town State

Volume 6, Number 23
Executive offices and office of
Sales at Derby, Conn. Price
Designed by All Page Studios.

February, 1955
Burlington, Derby,
12 issues
Sent in the U.S.A.

\$20,000 IN FREE PRIZES TO BE GIVEN AWAY THIS YEAR!

To celebrate our Golden Anniversary we are GIVING AWAY \$20,000 worth of exciting prizes to Mason men who do a good job this year! A prize for just about everybody... and EXTRA MONTHLY BONUS CHECKS, too! Full details will be included with your Free Selling Outfit.



COLUMBIA TRU-FIT
DIAMOND RING SETS!



COCKER PUPPIES
CASES OF IDEAL
DOG FOOD!

BOTTLE-O-MATS
COOK
BETTER
7 WAYS!



HAPPINESS TOUR FOR
3 THROUGH FLORIDA!

TAPPAN
HOLIDAY
RANGES!

PLUS: RICHARD AUTOMATIC GOLD WATCHES, PEARL SEWING MACHINE, COMPLETE FLAVOR SEAL COOKWARE SET, SET OF ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA, SENSATION POWER MOWER, KINGSTON VACUUM CLEANER, LONDON SEAPERS SUIT, FIVEBAY FLASHLIGHT SETS, UNIVERSAL PEN-PENCIL SETS WITH INK-RETRON BALL PENS, INK-SANCTUM BILFOLD SETS, 6-MONTH SUPPLIES OF IVD'S AND MANY MORE FREE PRIZES!

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin Dept. MA-461

LASH LA RUE WESTERN
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RANGE Talk

BRONCO

(IS A WILD HORSE)*

THE WORD "BRONCO" IN SPANISH MEANS "BAD" ON THE EARLY DAY RANCHES, THE ONLY WAY FOR A COWBOY TO HAVE ENOUGH HORSES TO ROUND UP HIS CATTLE WAS TO CAPTURE WILD ONES AND BREAK THEM TO SADDLE. NOW THIS IS MAINLY A RODEO EVENT, WITH THE BEST RIDERS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY TO COMPETE IN.



DOGIE

(PRONOUNCED DOUGH-GY)
ADOGIE IS A MOTHERLESS CALF, WHO HAS TO BE NURSED BY HAND OR RAISED BY ANOTHER COW



WRANGLER

THE WRANGLER IS THE ONE WHO TAKES CARE OF THE HORSES DURING A ROUND UP. THIS JOB ISN'T AN EXCITING ONE FOR A COWBOY, BUT A VERY IMPORTANT ONE. HE MUST SEE THAT THE HORSES DON'T STRAY OR STAMPEDE.





The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

AT RIDE * BADGE OF JUSTICE * BLUE BEETLE * COWBOY LOVE * COWBOY WESTERN * ADVENTURE * FUNNY ANIMALS * MERRY MAILMAN * GABBY MAYES * HOT RODS AND RACING CARS * LASH LARUE * MONTE HALL * MY LITTLE MARGE * ROCKY LANE * SIX-GUN HEROES * SOLDIER AND MARINE * SPACE ADVENTURES * ROCKY JONES, SPACE RANGER * SWEETHEARTS * TEX RITTER * THIS IS SUSPENSE * TRUE LIFE SECRETS * TV TEENS * DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY * WIN-A-PRIZE * ZOO FUNNIES, NYOKA, JUNGLE GIRL

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.



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IN THAT CASE I'D JUST BE WASTING MY TIME WATCHING TO SEE WHO CONTACTS THE MAN IN THE GREEN HAT! BUT BEFORE I JUMP TO THAT CONCLUSION, I'D HAVE TO SEE IF THERE'S ANY DOPE IN THAT BAGGAGE! BUT NOW?

LUNCH WILL BE SERVED IN THE NEXT CAR IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!



THAT'S IT! IF HE GOES IN FOR LUNCH, I CAN SEARCH HIS BAGGAGE!

TICKETS, PLEASE!



NOW WHERE DID I PUT MY TICKET?



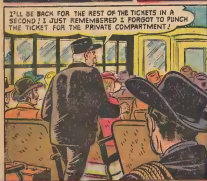
AH, HERE IT IS!



IT WAS MIXED UP WITH THE REST OF MY STUFF!



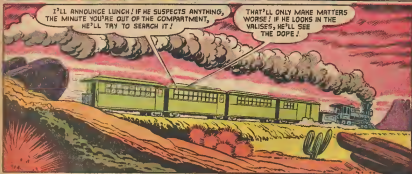
I'LL BE BACK FOR THE REST OF THE TICKETS IN A SECOND! I JUST REMEMBERED I FORGOT TO PUNCH THE TICKET FOR THE PRIVATE COMPARTMENT!



TICKET, PLEASE!

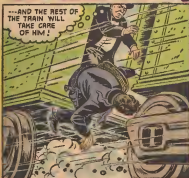
WHAT DO YUH MEAN, TICKET? SINCE WHEN DO YUH ASK ME FER A TICKET, CROWL?







BUT AS LASH ENTERS COMPARTMENT A





---UNLESS I CAN TURN AROUND
LIKE THIS IN TIME!



I NEVER FIGURED ON THE
MAN IN THE GREEN HAT'S
ACCOMPLICE BEING IN
HIS ROOM!



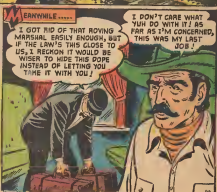
I'VE JUST
GOT TO GET
BACK ON THAT
TRAIN!



SNAP!



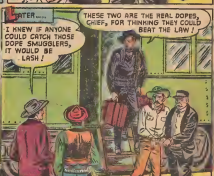
THE GOOD OLD BULLWHIP!
IT NEVER LETS ME
DOWN!



MEANWHILE.....

I GOT RID OF THAT ROVING
MARSHAL EASILY ENOUGH, BUT
IF THE LAW'S THIS CLOSE TO
US, I RECKON IT WOULD BE
WISER TO HIDE THIS DOPE
INSTEAD OF LETTING YOU
TAKE IT WITH YOU!

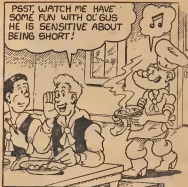
I DON'T CARE WHAT
YUH DO WITH IT! AS
FAR AS I'M CONCERNED,
THIS WAS MY LAST
JOB!



CHUCK WAGON GUS



PSST, WATCH ME HAVE
SOME FUN WITH OL' GUS
HE IS SENSITIVE ABOUT
BEING SHORT!



SAY GUS, I WANT TO ASK
YOU A QUESTION, SLIM JONES
HERE IS OVER SIX FEET
TALL, BUT SHORTY BROWN
IS UNDER SIX FEET,
WHICH ONE IS TH'
BETTER OFF?

HUH?



THERE AIN'T NOTHIN'
WRONG WIF' BEIN' SHORT!
SHORTY BROWN IS JUST AS
WELL OFF!



NOPE! YOUR WRONG
GUS! SLIM JONES IS
THE BETTER OFF!

WHY?!

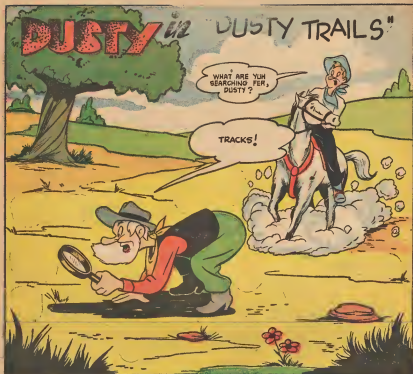


BECAUSE, SHORTY
BROWN IS UNDER
SIX FEET ON
BOOT HILL!

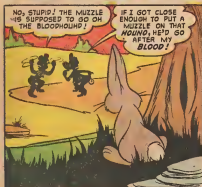


TH'
OL'
SOREHEAD!









HOW COULD YUH CARRY
A HORSE HOME? HE'S
TOO HEAVY!

I MADE TWO
TRIPS!

HOW COULD ANYONE
BECOME AS DUMB
AS YUH?

IT'S NOT EASY!
I HAD TO STUDY
HARD!

YUH STUDIED SO HARD
YORE HEAD BECAME
HARD, TOO!

I'LL IGNORE
THAT REMARK
IF YOU'LL GIVE ME
A RIDE TO
THE LAKE!

OKAY, BUT WHY DO YUH
WANT TO GO TO THE
LAKE?

BECAUSE THAT'S
WHERE WILLIE IS!

IF YUH KNEW HE WAS AT THE LAKE, WHY
WERE YUH SEARCHING HERE FER HIM
INSTEAD OF GOING RIGHT
OVER THERE?

I WANTED
TO MAKE HIM
DIRTY!

HOW COULD SEARCHING
FER HIM MAKE HIM
DIRTY?

MY NAME'S DUSTY, AND
IF I LOOK FER HIM IT'S
THE SAME AS BEING ON
HIS TRAIL, SO HE'LL BE
CAUGHT BY DUSTY TRAILS
AND DUSTY TRAILS LEAVE
YUH DIRTY!

AND AFTER THAT---I'M
LEAVING YUH RIGHT HYAR!
GOODBYE!

(GULP!)

MIDNIGHT MURDER

By Walter Farmer



THEY BURIED Quick-Shot Blake with the customary ceremony, which was not very much ceremony at all. The parson said a few words and they lowered the plain pine box and that was all. No tears were shed. One spectator at the funeral frowned. His handle was "Target Twigs."

One grave digger, a large muscular fellow called Beefy Jones, stepped up to Target Twigs and said, "Well, Target, I reckon it's a relief to you that Quick-Shot is buried!"

Target looked at Beefy for a moment without saying anything. Then he lashed at Beefy with his right fist. Beefy knew about fighting. He moved his head ever so slightly and let the right ride past. Beefy planted a left in Target's mid-section and when the man doubled up, followed with a right to the jaw. Target sprawled on the ground. Beefy stood, spraddle-legged above him. Beefy had his fists ready, but Target Twigs seemed too groggy.

In contempt, Beefy turned his back on Target and started to walk away. He didn't see the fallen man's hand moving toward his holster. Target drew the six-gun slowly.

"No you don't!" cried a commanding voice, and Sheriff Mark Mantle leaped to jab his boot down firmly on Target's gun hand. The weapon fell from the stinging fingers. Hearing the outcry, Beefy turned. "Shooting a man in the back is about your speed, Target!" he sneered.

Target's face was sullen, his mouth set. He made no reply. The Sheriff picked up Target's gun and ordered, "Get up. I'll hold this till you can cool off a mite." Target rose slowly. The little group around the grave dispersed at the lawman's suggestion. "Let's all move along, folks. It's not fitten to quarrel around a graveside."

"Take a chair, Target," said Sheriff Mark Mantle. It was an invitation and an order at the same time. Target Twigs sat in the curved-armed wooden chair opposite the sheriff's desk.

The lawman had laid Target's gun on the desk before himself. His grey, thoughtful eyes regarded Target as if to probe into the latter's brain.

"'Twould have been kind of a dumb play to shoot Beefy in the back, right there in front of witnesses," drawled the lawman. "'Twould have been as good as putting your neck in a noose."

"Mark, you seem to be the only one that saw me taking my gun out of the leather. Did I draw fast or slow?"

"Slow. Very slow."

"Well, that means I didn't aim to shoot anybody," declared Target. "I was taking that gun out to avoid temptation. I was going to lay it on the ground and go after Beefy with my fists. I didn't want any weapon right then. I was so all-fired mad I didn't want to risk temptation."

The Sheriff pulled at his chin thoughtfully, then said, "I reckon you felt he insulted you."

"Sure he did. Sure he did!" responded Target. When he said he reckoned it was a relief to me to have Quick-Shot buried. That was plumb insulting."

Mark Mantle nodded. "It was. It was a downright insult. I reckon you claim you did not kill Quick-Shot?"

"That's exactly what I claim," declared Target Twigs.

Target had gotten his nickname from long hours of shooting practise. A year ago when he had first blown into town from the east, he had been a rank novice with a pistol. He had not even owned one. The natives had assured him that a man without a gun was practically undressed. His new friends had warned him that unless he was able to defend himself, he wouldn't live long. So Target had bought a gun and enough ammunition to supply a regiment. Hour after hour he had practised. At first he literally had trouble hitting the side of a barn, but eventually he got so he could flip a half

dollar in the air and zip a hole through it.

Came the town's annual marksmanship contest which had been won for the past five years by the much-feared-and-respected gunslinger, Quick-Shot. Quick-Shot was good as usual. He got 99 bulls-eyes out of 100. But Target Twigs hit one hundred out of one hundred.

Infuriated, Quick-Shot issued a challenge. He gave Target twenty four hours to get out of town. "If you're still here at this time tomorrow, we'll just see who's the better shot, when a human heart is the target!" Quick-Shot had growled. There was no doubting he meant business. But the great duel never materialized. That very night, sometime after midnight, Quick-Shot was laid low in Main Street with a slug through his back.

Nobody had been present at the time except the killer and victim. No witnesses. The sniper's identity was a dark and mystifying secret.

"It's going to be a tough murder to solve, if it ever is solved," Sheriff Mark Mantle had mused. "Quick-Shot had so many enemies you could find a hundred suspects with grudges against him. And the rest of the people think the town's better off without him. If anybody's got any clues, they're keeping mum. Nobody will help me."

"Yes somebody will—I will!" declared Target. "I've got to find the murderer or everybody will go along thinking it was me—and I'll be branded as a coward and a dry gulcher!"

"I wish us both luck," drawled the sheriff, "but the trail is real cold. Nobody saw anything. Why, nobody will even admit hearing the shot—except a drummer who's staying at the Longhorn Hotel. And he must be loco—claims he heard two shots!"

"Two shots!" exclaimed Target, excitedly. "Mark! Maybe he's not loco! Maybe there were two shots! How many slugs were in the body?"

"Only one. What are you driving at?"

"Listen!" yelled Target, bouncing out of his chair. "If there were two shots, that means the first one missed. And that let's me out. You know me, sheriff. I wouldn't miss! Let's go

look for that other slug!"

The lawman accompanied Target to the scene of the crime. Quick-Shot had been sauntering past the livery stable when he was murdered. Target eagerly examined the wooden outside wall of the stable. About two feet up from the sidewalk he found what he was seeking; a bullet hole in the wood. With his knife he extracted the flattened lead and held it for the lawman to examine. "This sure proves there were two shots," agreed the lawman, "but where does it get us? That slug is so mashed up we couldn't even tell whose gun it came out of!"

"You're right, but the killer doesn't know that. And I've got a hunch. Will you let me play out my hand, Mark? You don't even have to enter the picture unless I hit the jackpot."

Target found Beefy alone in his room. The latter snatched up a gun and held it on Target, the latter raising his hands. "I don't want to take any chances of you killing me like you killed Quick-Shot," sneered Beefy.

"You killed Quick-Shot," retorted Target Twigs. "I suspected you when you started trying too hard to throw suspicion on me. You're the only hombre around here with such a bad aim you'd have to have two shots to bring down a man, shooting from a rooftop across the street."

"You can't prove it," snarled Beefy.

"But I can! I've got the bullet that missed. And it came out of your gun!"

"**A**LL right, wise guy. I did do it. I killed him. But you'll never prove anything because you'll be dead too!" Beefy's gun blazed. The door kicked open and Sheriff Mark Mantle blasted the gun from Beefy's hand with one shot. "I heard the confession! It's jail for you, Beefy. Are you okay, Target?"

"Sure," said Target, scrambling up from the floor. "I never was in any real danger. Beefy's the worst shot in the west."

THE END

Lash LARUE

and The LAMPS of REVENGE

SOMEONE MUST BE JOKING! THIS NOTE SAYS, NO ONE BELIEVES IN FAIRIES ANY MORE, SO I HAVE BEEN SENT DOWN FROM FAIRYLAND TO PROVE WE DO EXIST! KEEP THIS MAGIC LAMP BURNING ALL NIGHT AND IN THE MORNING, YOU'LL BE GRANTED THREE WISHES!

BOOM!

LASH LARUE, the Roving Marshal, wouldn't think it was a joke if he could see what happened to the others who received similar notes! The magic lamp is nothing more than a lamp of revenge and life is held cheaply in the fiendish mind of the avenger!

A THE STATE PENITENTIARY

YOU'VE SERVED YOUR TIME FOR BEING A HIGHWAYMAN, MYLES! NOW THAT YOU'RE BEING SET FREE AGAIN, I HOPE YOU WILL FIND SOME HONEST WORK!

IF YOU WILL ALLOW ME TO TAKE THESE LAMPS I BUILT IN THE PRISON WORK-SHOP ALONG WITH ME, WARDEN, IT'LL SET ME OFF ON THE RIGHT PATH!

OF COURSE YOU CAN TAKE THEM, MYLES! WHAT ARE YOU AIMING TO BECOME-- A LAMP SALESMAN?

THAT'S IT, EXACTLY, WARDEN!



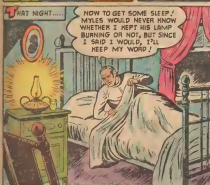
AND IF YUH'D TAKE ONE OF THESE LAMPS WITH YUH WHEN YUH GO HOME AND KEEP IT BURNING ALL NIGHT IN YORE ROOM, I'D CONSIDER IT A LUCKY OMEN!

IF YOU THINK IT WILL BRING YOU LUCK, I'LL DO IT!

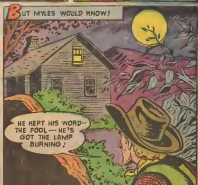
GOODBYE, MYLES... AND REMEMBER, THE ONLY ROAD TO TRAVEL ON IS THE HONEST ROAD!

I'M NOT AIMING TO TRAVEL ON ANY ROADS! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING ON MY MIND... REVENGE! I AIM TO GET EVEN WITH THE THREE PEOPLE WHO WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR MY BEING BEHIND BARS!

AND THE FIRST ONE IS THE WARDEN WHO KEPT ME FROM ESCAPING! I'M NOT SUPERSTITIOUS, BUT I KNOW THAT LAMP WILL BRING ME LUCK BY BRINGING HIS DEATH!

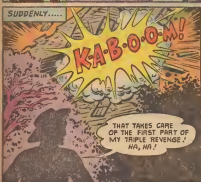


NOW TO GET SOME SLEEP! MYLES WOULD NEVER KNOW WHETHER I KEPT HIS LAMP BURNING OR NOT, BUT SINCE I SAID I WOULD, I'LL KEEP MY WORD!



BUT MYLES WOULD KNOW!

HE KEPT HIS WORD-- THE FOOL--- HE'S GOT THE LAMP BURNING!



THAT TAKES CARE OF THE FIRST PART OF MY TRIPLE REVENGE! HA, HA!

THE SOUND CARRIES THROUGH THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT AND INTO THE HILLS WHERE THE ROVING MARSHAL, LASH LAURE, HAD MADE CAMP ON HIS WAY BACK TO HEAD-QUARTERS!



THAT SOUNDED JUST LIKE AN EXPLOSION, RUSH! LET'S HIT THE TRAIL! SOMEONE MAY NEED HELP!



SHORTLY AFTER....

WHY, IT'S THE
WARDEN'S HOUSE!
AND IF HE WAS INSIDE
AT THE TIME OF THE
EXPLOSION, THERE'D
BE AS LITTLE LEFT
OF HIM AS OF
THE HOUSE!

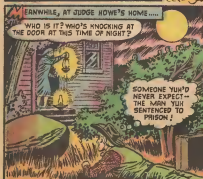


MAYBE I CAN FIND
OUT WHAT CAUSED
THE EXPLOSION!



SHORTLY AFTER....

I COULDN'T FIND
A THING! I'D
BETTER HEAD FOR
TOWN AND REPORT
THIS TO THE
CHIEF MARSHAL!



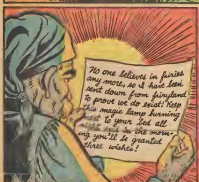
MEANWHILE, AT JUDGE HOWE'S HOME....

WHO IS IT? WHO'S KNOCKING AT
THE DOOR AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?

SOMEONE YUH'D
NEVER EXPECT—
THE MAN YUH
SENTENCED TO
PRISON!



WHAT'S THIS?
A LAMP
AND
A NOTE!



No one believes in fairies
any more, so I have been
sent down from fairyland
to prove we do exist! Keep
this magic lamp burning
next to your bed all
night and in the morn-
ing you'll be granted
three wishes!



SOMEONE MUST BE
PLAYING A JOKE
ON ME!



IT'S SILLY, BUT I'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE
IF I LEAVE THE LAMP BURNING!



NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR LIFE!

BOOM!

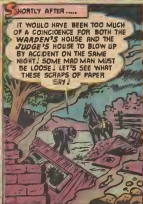
TWO DOWN, ONE TO GO!
HA, HA! I GOT THE MAN
WHO KEPT ME IN PRISON!
I GOT THE MAN WHO
SENTENCED ME TO
PRISON, AND NOW TO
GET THE MAN WHO
CAUGHT ME IN THE
FIRST PLACE---
LASH LARUE!



AT THE SAME TIME....

LET'S GO, BOY!
THAT'S ANOTHER
EXPLOSION, AND
IT CAME FROM
THE DIRECTION OF
JUDGE HOWE'S
HOME!

BOOM!



SHORTLY AFTER....

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO MUCH
OF A COINCIDENCE FOR BOTH THE
WARDEN'S HOUSE AND THE
JUDGE'S HOUSE TO BLOW UP
BY ACCIDENT ON THE SAME
NIGHT! SOME MAD MAN MUST
BE LOOSE! LET'S SEE WHAT
THESE SCRAPS OF PAPER
SAY!



I THOUGHT THIS MIGHT HAVE BEEN
A CLUE, BUT IT SEEMS AS IF THEY'RE
PIECES OF A CHILD'S BOOK! I'D
BETTER GET RIGHT OVER TO THE
CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE!



WHEN LASH ARRIVES AT
HEADQUARTERS.....

THERE'S NOT MUCH THAT WE
CAN DO TONIGHT, LASH! I'LL
BE BACK AS SOON AS I
GET SOME SLEEP, AND
THEN WE'LL BOTH TRY
TO GET TO THE BOTTOM
OF THESE EXPLOSIONS!

OKAY,
CHIEF!



OH, YES! I ALMOST FORGOT!
I FOUND A PACKAGE FOR YOU
OUTSIDE THIS DOOR A FEW
MINUTES AGO! I PUT IT
IN THE BACK ROOM!

THANKS!

YUH
WOULDN'T
SAY THANKS
IF YUH KNEW
WHAT IT WAS!



A LAMP! WHO COULD BE
SENDING ME A LAMP?

SAY, THIS NOTE HAS SOME OF THE WORDS IN IT THAT I FOUND ON THE SCRAPS OF PAPER AT THE JUDGE'S HOUSE... FAIRYLAND, MAGIC AND WISHES! I WONDER IF THAT LAMP HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON!?

No one believes in fairies any more, so I have been sent down from Fairyland to prove we do exist! Keep this magic lamp burning next to you all night and, in the morning, you'll wish!

WHEN IT'S BUZZING, IT COULD BE A SIGNAL TO THE KILLER THAT HIS VICTIM IS HOME AND THAT IT'S TIME TO BLOW UP THE PLACE! WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT AND THAT'S TO LIGHT THE LAMP!

LARUE LIT THE LAMP! IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF MINUTES BEFORE HE BLOWS HIMSELF UP. NEITHER HE, THE JUDGE, NOR THE WARDEN REALIZED THAT I FILLED THE BASE OF THE LAMP WITH NITROGLYCERIN INSTEAD OF KEROSENE!
HA, HA!

SO FAR, NOTHING HAS HAPPENED! BUT THERE'S ONE THING I LEARNED BEING A MARSHAL, PATIENCE! I CAN WAIT!

I JUST THOUGHT IF THE KILLER DOES RETURN, I COULD SEE HIM BETTER FROM OUTSIDE OF THE BUILDING!

SUDDENLY....

BOOM!

YIPES! ANOTHER SECOND AND I WOULD HAVE BEEN BURIED IN THERE! THE LAMP MUST HAVE HAD THE EXPLOSIVE IN IT!

POOR LARUE! HE DOESN'T REALIZE HE'S WAITING FOR DEATH!

AT THE SAME TIME....

MY REVENGE IS COMPLETE! I'LL JUST MAKE SURE LARUE IS DEAD AND THEN I'LL BE ON MY WAY!

BUT AS THE SMOKE CLEARS....

LARUE! BUT YUH COULDN'T BE ALIVE!

OF COURSE I'M ALIVE! THE FAIRIES TOOK CARE OF ME!

TAIL CHIEF HEAD



FOLLOW THE FUN
WITH

**FUNNY
ANIMALS**

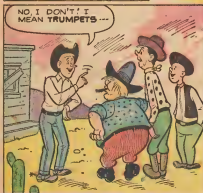
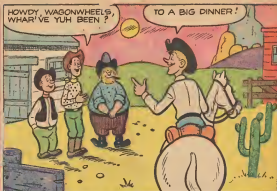
COMIC
MAGAZINE



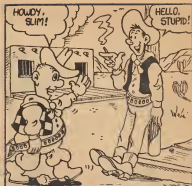
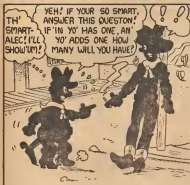
**NEW AND
FUNNIER
CHARACTERS!**

and a
**BARREL OF
LAUGHS**
ON EACH
HILARIOUS PAGE!

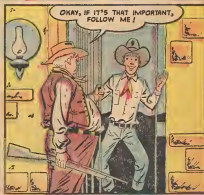
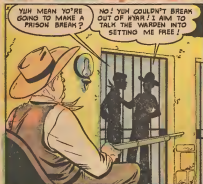
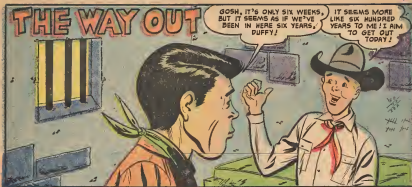
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HAPPY HOMER

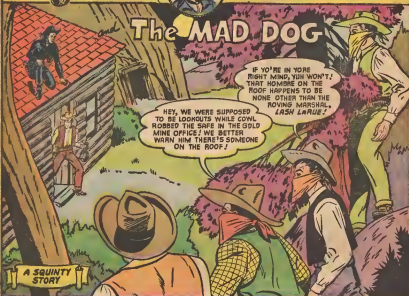


THE WAY OUT



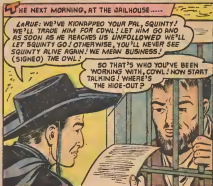


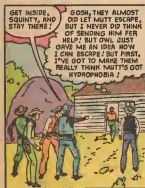
Lash LARUE



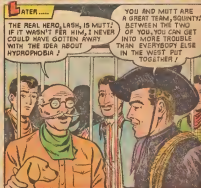
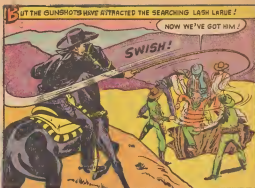












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